

"THIS IS IT"
An Informal History
of the 113th Signal Radio Intelligence Company

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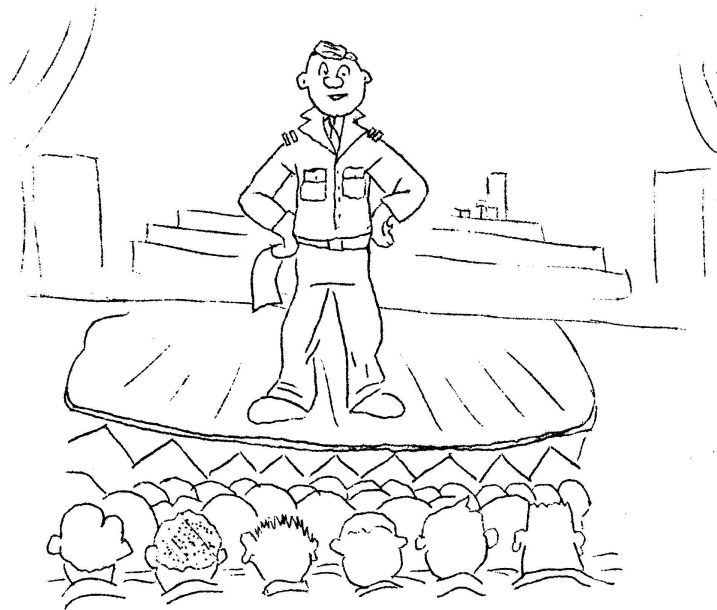
Howdy men! Are you interested in a little review of what we've been doing and the places we've been during the last three years? You are? Well, hold your hats, here we go !

Company activated June 15, 1942 at Camp Crowder, Missouri with Lt. Charles J. Schauers commanding... Lts. Haven, Pollock, Merrell, Lasnik, Coslick and Potts joining shortly thereafter... the cadre composed of Sgt. Werschler, Skater, Atanasoff, Stahle and Arra... group of men from S.C.R.T.C... PX 10 and theatre No. 4... Sgt. Aubushon becomes the first soldier... barracks in apple orchard... large contingent of men to the company from Fort Leavenworth (Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa,) on August 24... another large group from Jefferson Barracks (Missouri, Illinois)... the 113th rumor service has its modest beginnings in the company latrine... first experience with calisthenics and close order drill... both officers and drill sergeants disgusted... finally to the bottom of barracks bags and find all our new clothes... learning to make a neat cot tough work...

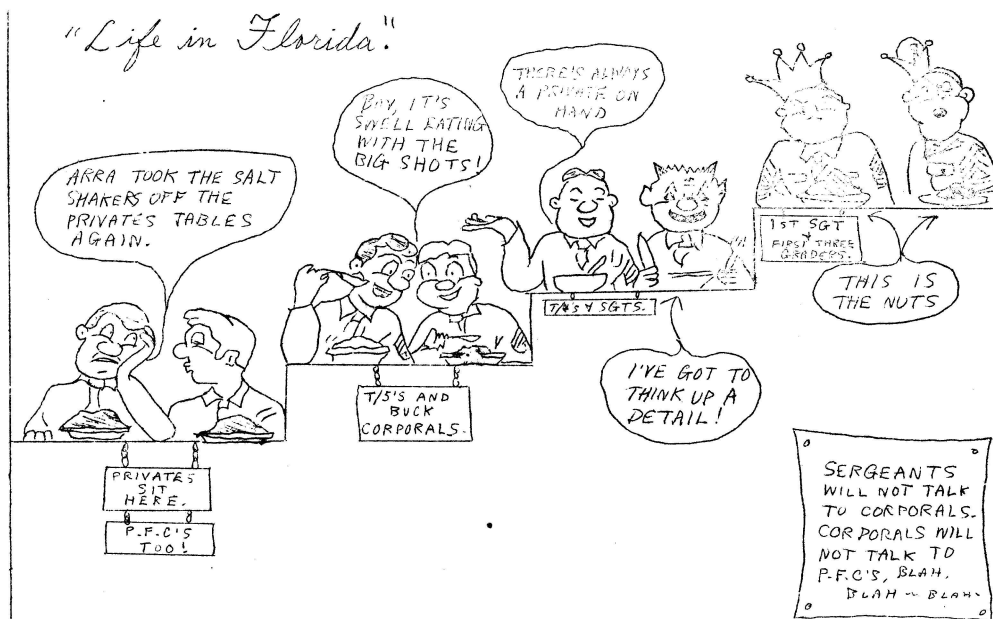
After two weeks we move from the luxurious two-story barracks to Shantytown and the one-story tar-paper building... plenty of rain and mud... two days hard work with trucks and shovels make it livable ... basic training begins... restriction lifted, passes to Neosho, Joplin, Aurora, Carthage, Pittsburgh (Ks.) and Kansas City... Neosho fish hatchery... rush for busses and trains on Saturday afternoons... rush back for reveille on Monday morning. Rank sometimes a little unsteady... steel helmets, full field equipment, and rifles... remember the crowded Neosho, Crowder busses. Always room for one more... Mr Warrant Officer Werschler... basic training completed... enrolled in Midwestern Radio School... organization completed early in November when two more large groups of men come in from Fort Sill (Okla.) and Camp Custer (Mich.)... their basic training abbreviated and into Midwestern (with fairness we must say that these men were alert and on the ball, otherwise they would have been unable to compete with the head start of the older men)... ice cream, beer, cokes and juke box at PX 17... fairly cute little waitresses... Second Army guard... PX hair cuts... barracks '74-'75-'76-'77-'78-'79-'80, the schoolroom... Friday night cleanups, water freezing on floor in cold weather... reveille, retreat, inspections and company parades... "Look smart. You know the procedure." (who said that?)... tent pitching practice. "How much men's we got?"... cadre under Lt. Adkins to Texas... Captain Charles J. Schauers... the RI: companies parade in the rain, facing about so as to get thoroughly wet... THE big parade-passing in review before General Lear... somebody trying to get out without a pass got chased through the marshes By M.P.'s... gigs... 113th rumor service rapidly developing into an efficient organization... high score crap games in the latrine... night classes at Midwestern (everybody likes that, LIKE HELL)... Christmas dinner... 1943... Sgt. Aubushon to O.C.S... Sgt. Wein is First Sergeant temporarily... Sgt. Skater takes over as First Sergeant... Lts. Beuhman and Wagner join the company... more hikes and drill exercises... gas chamber and obstacle course... one-hundred men of the company complete a five mile "WALK" in one hour, as part of the NTP test, Lts. Pollock, Lasnik and Coslick leading... training at Midwestern completed... rumor service says maneuvers or overseas... bivouac near Carthage. First taste of outdoor life... furloughs... feverish preparations for a move.

Early morning, April 13, 1943. Everything loaded, convoy forming for trip to Tennessee and maneuvers... chilly... first stop at Willow Springs, Missouri... heart of Ozarks and cold enough to freeze hot mess kit water... through the Ozarks into the Mississippi Valley, across the river, the tip of Illinois. Across the Ohio River and into Kentucky...

good lookin' women in Union Kentuck' ... into Tennessee and to the Martin City ball park... pup tents and passes into town... friendly people and pleasant girls... out the next night in a blackout and heavy rain for preparation area near Lebanon... rain and mud for a week... many slept in a hay barn... somebody fell into the lake... passes to Lebanon and Nashville... plenty of GI's... into maneuvers... weather better... nearly captured by the Reds... we were Blues... snails crawling under your bedroll, but outdoor life not too bad... mosquitoes... remember Carthage (Tenn.) and the Cumberland River... Gordon, Tennessee Was of interest to the Michigan boys because a Detroit baseball pitcher hailed from there... a fast one by the C.O. "fouls up" the Reds... the high hills with evergreen trees on the tops... warm in the day, chilly at night... "You guys keep that ten foot interval or ya won't get anything to eat. I can wait all day." (WHO SAID THAT?)... Hoag's superior deluxe Barracks bag emptier... area for last problem, a hill covered with a heavy growth of evergreens... more rain and thunderstorms... raids on guards. One guard tied up with his belt. A raider gets a bashed in helmet... looking forward to end of problem for passes to Nashville... to real area near Lebanon for a week... Commendation for superior performance of duty from Major General Muller, Commander of the 81st Division to which we were attached. This division now in the Pacific... somebody didn't like somebody's pet crow-a crow casualty... restriction... rumor service hints at an overseas move or to California... hint by the Commanding Officer throws the rumor service into an uproar. It comes up with New York, Washington D.C., or Florida... Captain Schauers departs, a secret trip, Lt. Haven temporarily in command... hard at work loading equipment on flat cars.



" MEN! YOU WILL NEVER GO
OVERSEAS!".



Off from Lebanon May 21, via our forty car special... train guards... much interest in scenery through Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida... yep, Florida!... arrive at Hollywood and Hallandale on the 25th... palm trees and citrus groves... civilian population glad to see us, navy personnel not so glad... the Colonial Inn, the beach, and Miami are pretty swell places... some of the guys threatened with a shot gun when they try to investigate the Gulf Stream Racetrack... passes. Good within range of 150 miles... Captain Schauers rejoins company... the Hollywood Bowling alley, Breeding's Drug Store, and theatres... the railway station... picturesque post office building... Yaguda's Drug Store and the cute little "red head" waitress. It was reported that she was jilted by a member of the 113, her lover... "Oscar", the land crab. Sand flies and mosquitoes... sudden rain storms and just as sudden hot sunshine... flying boats and dirigibles on sub patrol... Coast Guard patrol... party dances at the Colonial Inn. A wonderful time had by all... sunburns... tours through Miami... crossroads of the 113th-Sam's, Lee's (remember Cookie), the Rainbow, Wonder Bar, and other watering places... M.P. duty... the Shore Patrol... the Circle Park in Hollywood... canals filled with blackish colored water and jumping fish... thumbing rides to Hollywood and Miami... familiar towns-Dania, Ojus, Banana River, Key West, Fort Lauderdale, and Palm Beach---Singapore Sadies... White coral stone and sand... fistic engagements at Hollywood hot spots. Blackeyes. The 113th fighting spirit... weddings and wives living in Hollywood and Hallandale...service clubs in Hollywood and Lauderdale...low flying Naval Hellcats and practice dive-bombing at sea...automobiles from many states of the Union... forgotten streets now grown-up in brush-symbol of the Florida land boom many years ago... many roadside fruit and curio stands... many nationalities seen in Miami... Moy says, "It ain't so about Chinese women."... winterized pyramidal tents...approaching winter brings more tourists from the north. And, more good looking women... it would be a shame to leave here now...rumor service has it that there is a long trip coming up and it won't be overland... furloughs... men transferring to other outfits. New men coming in---hard to understand

these New York guys... physical examinations... good-by suntans... packing cases labeled POE, New York... looks hot... clothing checks... farewell party by our friends... last drink of orange juice at the little hotel stand... final preparation... restriction... a last farewell of the married men to their wives... aboard the train. Cute little girl watching forlornly for their 113th sweethearts... "SO LONG" to our Hollywood friends... date of departures, November 23... from a warm climate to frost and cold... more beautiful scenery... WAACs and sailors also aboard our train... through the national capital late at night... Philadelphia... New York and Camp Shanks in time for Thanksgiving dinner November 25... our first APO number, 9110... shots, clothing checks, educational movies and lectures... trip to Bear Mountain and infiltration course. Machine gun fire two or three feet over our heads, crawling on your belly, "KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN SOLDIER"... restriction lifted and passes to "Big Time" New York... the Empire State Building, Radio City, subway and many other interesting sights... sleepy G.I.'s aboard the late train coming back... restriction, the big moments coming... horseshoe pack rolling practice... alert, all equipment ready.

Formation... we march away from the barracks on our way to the trains... a mile walk with roll, rifle, knapsack, and other stuff... a "helluva" walk. "Too dam much to carry", says tired Hook... aboard the train... a job to sit down, harder to get up...to the ferry Mohawk with curious bystanders watching us... across the Hudson... foggy... off the ferry into a long dimly lighted weird looking warehouse...music in the distance. A band playing the Air Force song...two o'clock in the morning. Funny time for a "band to be playing... duffle bag and pack heavier than hell. Some guys dragging their bags...a rest and we are served with coffee and doughnuts by Red Cross ladies... "LET'S GO"... a gangplank and a big ship... "sing out your name, soldier"... up the gangplank...where's the movie camera... aboard the good ship Borequin... quarters narrow and confined...a scramble for second tier bunks...restless sleep for a couple of hours...awaken to see dock workers, many boats and seagulls...a paper man comes aboard with the Sunday morning editions... "Better buy one on account this is the LAST one you'll see for a LONG TIME." It sounded just a little bit cruel...bulgy life preservers and little red flashlights. The flashlights to attract attention in case we fell into the sea... eleven in the morning, December 5th, a tug pulls us into the Hudson and down the river... many boats. Past "The Lady" and old Fort Hancock, through the breakwater and mine boats into the great Atlantic.



Not much motion by the boat as yet... Up the coast and joining other boats... The loudspeaker system... Words to remember, "Attention, blackout is now in effect. There will be no smoking on the open deck. Close all portholes, doors, and windows. There will be no more dropping of papers on deck"... Off the coast of Newfoundland we pick up the main body of the convoy... We trail a buoy behind us at night... we lose the buoy and the ship behind us misses ramming us by only a few feet... Sea becoming rougher... Strong men lying in their bunks... You can tell the sailors from the landlubbers... Crowded - feel something like cattle... Steaming hot mess room... Everything was 'agin' your enjoying a meal... Heaving, both by the ship and us... Protecting force of destroyers darting in and out among the ships... Looked like they took a heavy beating by the sea... Lots of stuff in the PX, - hunting knives cheap... Movies in the small lobby... Prayer services... Battleships, cruisers and carriers forming a protecting ring around the convoy... Comforting... meal ticket punched... If you lost it you wouldn't be fed... Who cared a damn!... Target practice by our navy gun crews... Why don't they shoot the big six-incher?... Very rough seas... Somebody dropped paper on the deck plugging the "scuppers" (What are they?) water can't get out. Rolls and splashes under our bunks... Watching other ships of the convoy as they plowed majestically through the waves... Announcement - "There will be no more "urinating" on the deck"... Distance between boats varies. Sometimes near, then far... Looks like nurses or WACs on one... Much argument and more looking on the subject...

Convoy a beautiful picture... One or two alerts... Phosphorescent lights in the salt water as the waves break around the boat at night... Something wild and beautiful about the sea, "If only I wasn't so damn sick!"... Buoys... Blinker lights... Greider's watch on the poop deck... How much longer will we be on this boat?... Lights on North Ireland shore sighted the night of December 14th... Part of the convoy breaking away and heading for Murmansk, Russia... Prayer service for a safe journey... Into the North English channel... The Firth of Clyde not far from Glasgow... The bare hills of Scotland... Ah! Beautiful, solid ground...

December 15th... To the shore aboard a passenger ferry... Off the boat on terra firma... Greenock, Scotland... A blonde, Scottish, stenographer smiles at us... Sharing cigarettes with a Scotsman deckhand... see no Kilties as yet... To a train with compartments and side door entrances, - and a shrill whistle... Pleasant Scottish Red Cross workers serve us with hot coffee and doughnuts... The guys repay them with oranges brought from the boat... Everybody getting a kick out of the fascinating brogue of the Scotsmen...

Through the hills of Scotland... Prettier here than along the coast... Now and then some bomb damage... Our first sight of the effects of war... Into England... not so much change in scenery... All beautiful... a stop for food... It's served by cheerful English ladies... Still getting a kick out of the English way of talking... Night falling and blackout - something new is beginning... Much stopping and switching... The last stop at Ashbourne near Derby... GI trucks waiting for us... To Okeover Hall and a hot supper prepared by GI's... Members of the company getting detailed information on the pubs and about the women... Looks promising... APO number changed to 513-A... Up early the next morning to look around curiously... Fireplaces... Legs still a little "sea wobbly"... Country very beautiful but a little foggy... Curious civilians... An orange to an elderly man. His voice broke as he thanked us and said it would be for his missus' Christmas... Company is attached to First U. S. Army... Money changes from dollars and cents to pounds, shillings, and pence... The barn... Restriction lifted and passes to... Ashbourne,

two miles away... Blackout, need a flashlight... Getting acquainted with the English girls, WAAF's, and ATS, pleasure... They have a little difficulty in understanding, our spontaneous personalities... Close order drill... Baseball and football... Radio programs here are not like at home, no advertising... Dances at Ashbourne hall. Pass around the gum and cigarettes... The long hill on the other side of town where the WAAFS lived... "Boy, I ain't goin' to walk another of them WAAFS home"... Somebody is fooling himself... Some of the boys already promising to take some little English honey back to America... "Big Red", the WAAF... People friendly... Becoming accustomed to the climate... Beer and scotch in the pubs... Blackout a help to lovin'... Captain Caravella and medic detachment... Christmas carols in Ashbourne... New Year's... Practice paratrooper alert... Little Albert who used to bring us papers, fish and chips, and see that our laundry was taken care of... He liked cigarettes and chocolate, also, -the choice American cuss words... Light mile walks over overgrown hills, through Ilam-Dovedale and Mapleton... The Dog and Partridge... Dances at Mayfield... Christmas mail late... Packages catch up...



Rumor service says another move imminent... More trucks and equipment... hate to say goodbye to Ashbourne... restriction... Convoy off on January 25th... Personnel aboard a train... Destination, - Tidworth Barracks and another change of APO, Number 505... Perham Downs and the two-story brick barracks... "Stars and Stripes" and "Yank"... A return to garrison life but reveille disappears... Beer and cakes at the NAAFI... Passes to London, Salisbury, Andover and other towns... last trains to London... London, a city of historic places, fine monuments and, shh, commandos... Capt. Caravella and detachment leave the company... Enemy aircraft... Spotlights... Air raids in London... Much bomb damage... the war looks closer... Huge stocks of tanks and other

armored equipment... Motion pictures stage shows and dances... Platoon under Lieutenants Hale and Katz join the company... Snow and sharp cold... More work and less play... Another move soon says the rumor service... Preparation for moving... restriction... Convoy of trucks with equipment off for new area... Again to the train... A shorter ride, -Seaton Junction... To a side switch and stopping at Colyton... Colyton, a small English village about two miles from Seaton and the English channel... Devenshire, noted for its beauty... Narrow, winding streets... Looks like not so much entertainment here... APO number becomes 230... Our liberty gradually being taken away from us... Passes to Seaton... had been a thriving resort town before the war... Not quite like the Hollywood beach... Very beautiful scenery, more so with approaching spring... Cute little Jackie and her nice looking mother... Not so bad here... The dances and the orchestra we thought "corny"... The "Bicycle Woman" got a lot of attention... A person called "Punchie"... Infantry boys from Seaton have girls here too, -a little battle threatened... Our overcoats and blouses to supply, -something is cookin'... The mess hall in the rear of the pub... The pool hall... The company joined by Lieutenants Frei, Leonard, and Woods... Colcombe Castle hotel where there were poached eggs and toast in the afternoons, -one egg to a customer... The proprietor of the dairy who had lived in the U. S. and wanted to return there. (he wasn't the only one)... The British detachment under Lieutenant Humphries and Major Rendle and Captains Hines and Henderson join the company... Long, lonesome road to Seaton. -GI's and gals... pubs, - White Hart, Bear, Globe... Sidmouth and other sea shore towns... The little fishing village nestled in the cove... Concrete and barbed wire barricades along the sea wall... Testimony that they had been afraid of invasion... Citizens express their appreciation of our assistance to them... The bath house... The Grove and Nissen huts... The pub at Seaton Junction... The pub down by the railway track... Sometimes, in fact most of the time, the GI's drank all the beer... "Billiard ball" haircuts... The beautiful, turquoise blue of Seaton Bay... "Borse", the thorny, yellow-blossomed bush that grew on all the hillsides... Thatched, straw roofs... The churches with the tall steeples in all the little villages... Air raids and alerts... Red and gray slate roofs... A big move soon, says the rumor service... leaving camouflage nets... Waterproofing vehicles... A lot of work, wonder what its for... Carefully packing all equipment in vehicles... Must intend to go somewhere... Lieut. Lasnik and Sgt. Fisk depart mysteriously in a weapons carrier... Everything packed, not much to do but wait... A semi-restriction and bed-check... The night of June 5th... The roar of a plane in the distance... Probably a bomber taking off for France... More than one plane, though... The roar increases and becomes a throbbing reverberation... Sounds like thousands of planes of all sizes and kinds... Continuous and terrific... Thrilling... They are all headed South... The roar continues until early morning... Up early and we hear that the invasion has begun... Alerts... A hasty farewell to Colyton and off in two echelons... Forward to Plymouth, rear to Southampton... Through the staging area... Breakfast of fresh fried eggs and pancakes... A supply of K-rations and D-chocolate... Impregnated clothing, stiff, smelly...

To the deck... Loading equipment aboard the Liberty ships... Loafing around... Stout-looking women dock workers... Hands off! They look like they pack a wallop... Forward echelon boards the "Jim Bridger", rear echelons onto the "Edwin House"... "Forward" and "Rear" echelons doesn't mean much. They both got to the same place at the same time... Capt. Schauers commands the rear echelon, Lt. Haven the Forward echelon... Lying at anchor in the harbor overnight... Out to sea in another convoy... All ships trailing small barrage balloons for aircraft protection... Friendly English coastline fades and looms closer as we follow the coastline eastward... More of convoy off Southampton... Into the Channel proper... Sea rougher but no "heaving by the

personnel... The mighty battleship "Texas" plowing through the waves. The "Edwin House" rocks in its wake... Foggy, -can't see any of other ships... Maybe we're lost!... Watching for E boats and subs... Craft returning from invasion area with damage... trench shore sighted... Smoke... Many ships of all kinds, a forest of them... Fairly quiet ashore except for exploding mines and incoming German 88's... Lt. Pollock ashore to contact Lt. Lasnik who had come over earlier on a reconnaissance mission (Remember his quiet departure from Colyton?) ... feverish activity among unloading "Rhinos" and LSTs...Huge dust clouds ashore caused by fast traveling GI vehicles...

Aboard the "Edwin House" A three-inch gun fires at an enemy plane. Rumor service reports below deck that the ship has been hit and is sinking...Fast, but unorganized, rush for the top deck by some personnel... The "deluxe" latrines aboard ship... Debris floating in the water... Battleships and cruisers cutting loose with salvos on some land target... Ducking barrage balloons... We cool our heels awaiting our turn to unload... Wreckage of LST's and tanks on the beach... Enemy planes at night. Streamers of tracer bullets and- bursting ack ack... Navy gun crews anxious to shoot but are not permitted to fire unless directly attacked...Orders to remain below deck during a raid "but everybody wants to watch... Huge sections of floating docks towed by tugs... A destroyer flying French tricolor cuts proudly through the waves... Huge clouds of dust on shore as planes take-off from newly constructed air strips... An LST noses to our side... Looks like we unload... False alarm and we wait more hours... Another LST... This time we start to unload... Squealing boat winches as they lift heavy trucks and trailers from the hold... Some sort of a strike, so we have to fasten the slinks onto the vehicles in the hold... The hold of a ship a funny looking place... Only an inch or so of steel between you and a lot of bath... Another Liberty spotted nearby, it's the rear echelon and they are unloading also... Greetings and gossip exchanged... A pugnacious little LST edges too close to the "Jim Bridger" and punches a hole in its side near the refrigerator. Much to the disgust of the crew... Navy personnel handle their job coolly. The Seabees do a lot of cussing... Rhinos are funny looking critters, flat, with two engines in the rear. Only a few inches above the waterline... They are made of a large number of big tanks fastened together... Plenty not in the hold... Everything, off without trouble except a 1 1/2 ton weapons carrier... It's the last vehicle... The lifting cable breaks and it-falls thirty or so feet. Bounces and rears like a wild- animal then comes to a stop with front wheels spread apart... A couple of carbines get smashed in the fall... Everything loaded aboard a Rhine and we leave our vessels... The crew may be a little envious... Water lapping over the sides of the Rhino... Slow traveling through the waves... An hour or more to make the trip inshore... Edging into the beach as directed from shore... A Rhino carrying men and equipment from the "Edwin House" gets out of control and is narrowly missed 'by an LST... The word is given, down with the ramp... The first vehicle down the ramp and into the water... This is what they were waterproofed for, just about thirty seconds use... Couldn't make the grade without it, though... The sandy shore without trouble.. .All the other vehicles following... Even old "Bouncing Betty" with its spread wheels... "Vive La-France". we are on the Omaha beachhead...Up and over a bluff, through white ribboned lanes... Tired looking men sitting in foxholes under a thick brush covering... Mines on either side... Pyramidal Red Cross hospital tents... Ammo dumps...Damaged and discarded equipment in the fields and ditches... Knocked out German tanks and weapons... Some of our tanks and halftracks burnt out, not so pleasant to look at them... Tall, gaunt trees that look as though the branches have been shot off... However that's the way they grew... Hedgerows... Piles of dirt five to eight feet in height and five to ten feet across on the top... Not like hedgerows in the US... Slit trenches... Marks where our soldiers laid in them...Brush and orchards... Shell and bomb craters... More slit

trenches... Ack ack guns... A collection area and removing the waterproofing... A lot of work for such short use...



To the bivouac area... Digging in along a hedgerow as protection against shells and strafing and falling shrapnel... Enemy planes overhead after dark, flying aimlessly about... Big ten-inch French naval shells that had been planted by the Germans as mines... Walking carefully to avoid booby traps and mines... Guess now there were none there... 10 in 1 rations... Hot showers by QM... Rain... That uncomfortable feeling when water starts running under your bedroll at 2 A.M. ... Waterproof materials at a premium for shelters... Pay in francs... Towns - Cricqueville, Grand Camp and Colleville Sur Mer... Wash your own laundry... Shot up houses... Dusty roads... French civilians, "Bonjour" ... First cider and calvados... A lot of milk cows in a nearby pasture... Fresh milk for coffee and it wasn't bought from the farmer... A rodeo with the same cows... Dennie Mullane learns to slide into, through and past first base from the back of a buckin' cow... Streamers of tracers at enemy planes... "K" ration boxes make good foxhole floors... Bursting ack ack again... Some of the Anti-aircraft units are close by and make a lot of racket... Night guard... All the hedgerows and tall skinny trees make it a little eerie... Mail comes in regularly. "Hey Roy, I want to send a money order"... A big bomber with only one motor working crashes not far away. Eight or ten men parachute to the ground and everybody hopes the entire crew got out safely... "Helmet" baths... Ambulances on the roads... More heavy wind and rain... Free PX supplies and cigarettes... Rumor service promises to warn of moves... Hogan's barber shop... Hot QM showers.

We move... To Lison station (Gare) July 11 to August... Dig in again... More ack ack and

machine gun fire... Class "B" rations... A plane over, low, strafing and dropping six or eight small bombs. A horse is the only casualty... More enemy planes with P-47's in chase... Falling flak... A crippled enemy plane roars low over the area and crashes nearby... Unfounded gas alert by an MP causes a stir. Only rumor... Our heavy artillery laying down barrages--terrific reports as guns fire... Lt. Weaver joins the company as Lt. Katz receives a change of orders and transfer... Lt. Frei to hospital with injured leg. Too much football... More cider, calvados and cognac...Remains of an American fighter plane that had crashed before the invasion...Still careful of spies... More French, "Avez des oeufs?"... Trading with the French civilians...Some members of the company report delicious steak dinners...The little milkmaid was not to be made, "No comprez Americaine"... Civilians tell of German atrocities... Mail coming in regularly...Several German 88's hit nearby, no damage... Destroyed trains and railroad station... Souvenir hunting gets a start... The great three hour armada of roaring bombers that forced the breakthrough at St. LO...A move coming up...

Through the rough country before St. Lo... St. Lo itself a mess of stones, dust and debris...The Germans had dug-in in a cemetery overlooking a deep ravine... Much discarded GI equipment lying around on the ground, testimony of a bitter battle... Dead livestock... High barbed wire fence around a large brick building... It had been a prison...The fence falls on a couple of our trucks... More evidence of heavy fighting... Shot up trees and buildings...

St. Ebremond, August 2 to August 8... More French, "Voulez Vous avec moi?"... Several German artillery horses are used by the 113th riding academy...

The area, an apple orchard only recently vacated, by the enemy... Apple throwing practice and a few minor injuries... More souvenir hunting... Sgt. Wellington to Lt. Wellingtons... Not paying much attention to booby traps and mines... Very few enemy aircraft, they are retreating... Another move coming soon...

To St. Martin... August 9 to August 14... Near the St. Sevier forest... Heavy fighting in the forest... The American fighter plane that had crashed directly into a home, its bombs exploding... The pilot buried in a nearby churchyard... The grave covered with flowers by the kindly French civilians... Hives of bees... More apple throwing to the consternation of the farmer... A little black donkey with very long black ears...Guys fed him chewing tobacco, gum and cigarettes. Not so good for the donkey, he swelled abnormally... Very dusty... Wheat fields... Lots of traffic... More French, "Avez vous big sister?"... Lots of unused German shells and equipment... A crashed German plane scattered about... Wire platoon inaugurates a deluxe shower service...Hot weather...Another grave...

Coulouvray, August 15 to August 19... Hedgerows... Abandoned German ammo dump...GI ammo dump...No digging. Moving too fast... Ripe tomatoes... Fast trading... Pretty mademoiselles along the road... Another move...

Pre-En-Pail, August 20 to August 23... A brushy ridge with farm houses in the rear... Trading for eggs, tomatoes and potatoes... Chocolate and gum comes in handy... Rain... Yellow jacket bees... Ruined German equipment along the road...

Moving... LaLoupe, August 24 to August 26... A wheat field near a dense thicket... Heavy rain and mud when we move in... Sun dries quickly... Pup tents under apple

trees... Level country ...

Move... To Cerny La Ville, August 27 to September 1... Cheering people along the road. We throw them cigarettes, candy and gum--the kids "wise up" and stand on the right side of traffic moving to the front--guys going forward give away more stuff...Near Bouillon...First unofficial, unreported visits to Paris... Sgt. Michaels to Lt. Michaels, and assignment to another organization... Pup tents in orchard again... More apple throwing... The Chateau and estate nearby... Many refugees from Paris... Many good-looking girls... They like chocolate and cigarettes... First sight of the Eiffel tower from a hill near this area... Numerous invitations to dinners... Not many souvenirs... Another move...

Through Versailles...And, Paris! "WOW!" "The good lookin' women". "Oh! My achin' back"... Signs of a once prosperous and happy city now a little run down...Natives appear to look a little happier...

Senlis-Montpilloy...September 2 to September 4... We outrun supply lines, out of gasoline, all work stops... Many unofficial, unreported visits to Paris... "Beaucoup" women... Cigarettes sell for fabulous prices on the Paris black market... The ruins of an old feudal tower and castle... The wreckage of a recently crashed Thunderbolt in woods... Civilians reported the pilot had bailed out... Enemy had been routed out of this place in a short battle two days before... An 88 off in the valley... Wind strong on this high hill... French farmers threshing their grain nearby... Isolated units of German soldiers reported near the area...

They are afraid of the FFI which makes it a point to ask questions "afterwards" as far as Germans are concerned... Many attend a village dance... Music and dances reported quaint... Gasoline on hand, ready for a move...

Villequer-Aumont-Ugny Le Gay, September 5 to September 8... Apple orchard beside high hill covered with brush and forest trees... German soldiers reported lurking in the hills... Lt. Ceslick takes a squad in search, aided by FFI...None to be found... While on a new area recon tour, Captain Scheuers, Lts. Haven, Merrell and Lasnik capture several Germans trying to escape to Germany... One surrenders to the Captain with upraised hands and lowered pants... He had been in the latrine... They bring back several rifles and pistols... More potatoes, eggs and tomatoes to go with the 10 and 1s... More rain and cold... Ruins of a chateau destroyed in World War I... Other reminders of the First World War...We had come through Compiègne and the forest of Compiègne... FFI assists in souvenir hunting... Another move...

Across the Belgian border... The French tricolor gives way to the red, black and gold flag of Belgium... Two attractive Belgian girls dressed a lot like our American high school girls wave an American flag in welcome...

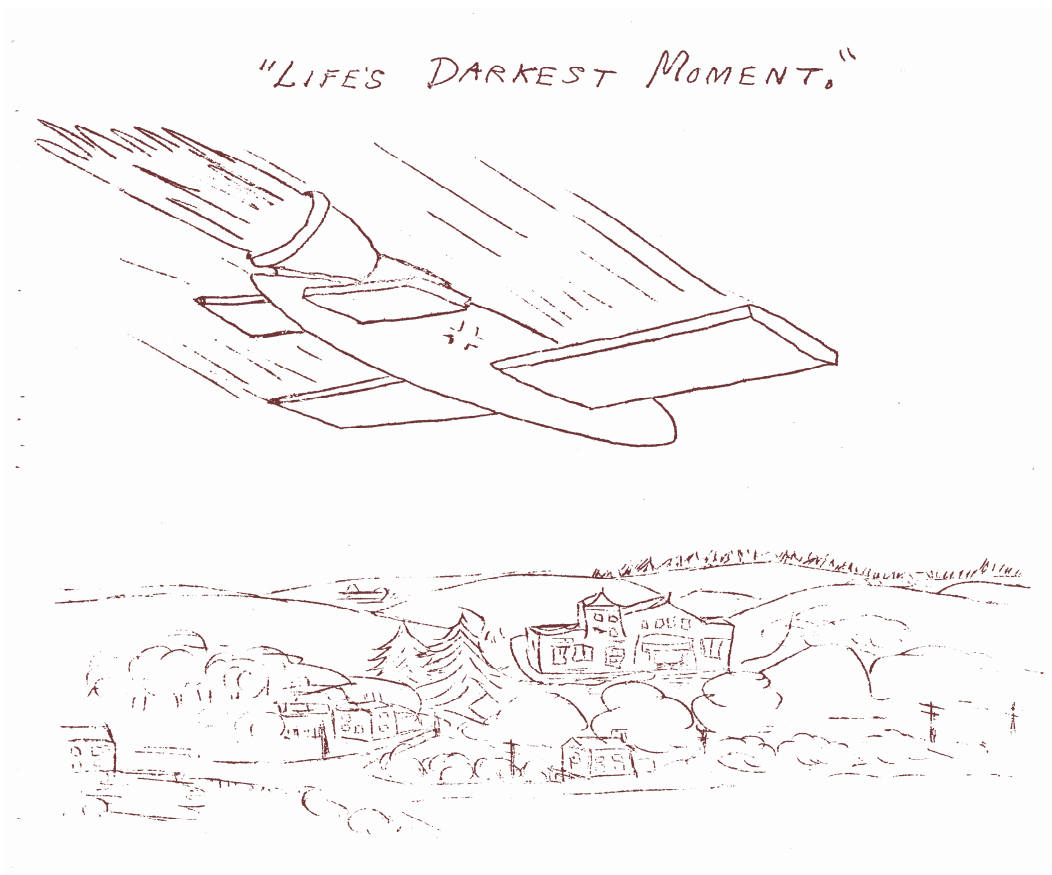
Hear Charleroi, Belgium, September 9 to September 10... A pleasant area overlooking a deep valley with river and railroad at the bottom...Lots of forest...A Belgian citizen reports many German troops in hiding... Lt. Lasnik takes a squad of men and captures nearly fifty, fully armed, Germans... Most of them were SS troopers... Other prisoners captured by members of the company... All taken to PW cage... Anxious to be rid of them... An air corps outfit has a priority on our area so we have to move... Shame, too.

Free beer, nice girls and friendly people... That area was never thoroughly "worked"...

Through Charleroi... Belgium looks considerably beat-up...

Belle Maison-Huy, September 11 to September 17... The bomb damaged church... Very friendly people. They stand around and admire us... Postmaster tells us in broken English that the People look on us as liberating heroes and wish they could talk to us... "What did we do?". "We ain't no heroes" ... They build a cinder path through the mud... The privates look on in awe... Something's wrong here, nobody ever did that before... Many invitations to visit... Unofficially reported that many members of the company slept in feather beds for the first time in months... We are told of German atrocities and how glad the people are to see us... Gotta move again...

Through Liege, Verviers and to Jalhay, September 18 to October 5... Near the new German border and in German influenced area... No fraternization... Rain and more rain... Colder... The Red Cross clubmobile "Sagebrush" and the charming American Red Cross girls... A movie, doughnuts and coffee... Frosty outdoor living becoming rougher... First buzz bombs... Belated baseball games... Let's live in a house... The British detachment takes its leave of the company...



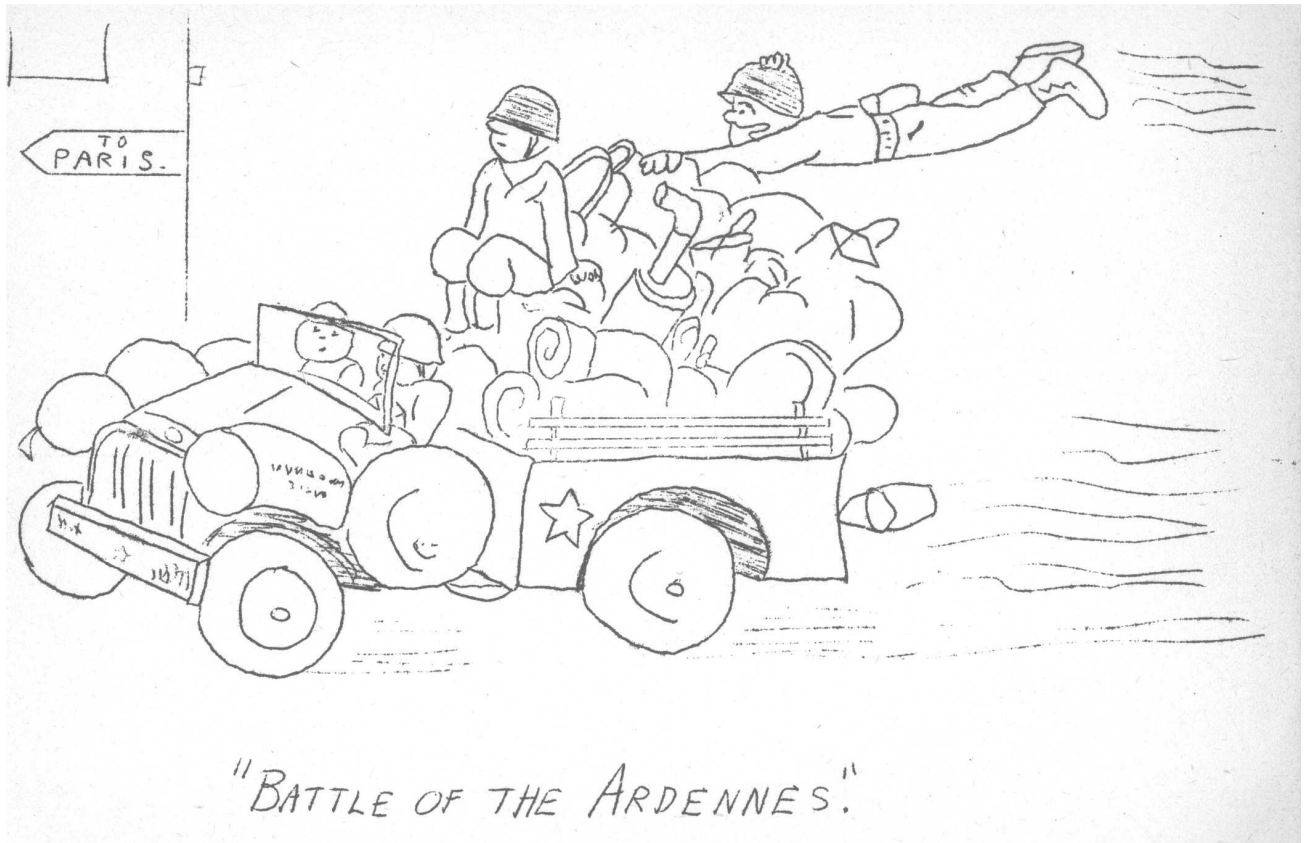
To the Chateau. Limbourg-Dolhain, October 4 to December 17... Restriction lifted and

fraternization with civilians permitted... Passes to Verviers - The first in six months... Shower trucks to Spa and the luxurious mineral baths... Passes to Paris... Rain, rain, and more rain... Hot showers and clothing exchange... Mud... Lt. Potts assigned to important duties in another sector... One of our forward units hit and damaged by shell fire... Enemy Photographic flares... Captain Bayard Hale... Lt. Walker joins the Company... Mackinaws... Sgt. Allwardt to Lt. Allwardt... Deer reported plentiful in nearby forests... Venison steaks for the "good shots"... More mud... More buzz bombs... One clears our units and the chateau by only a few feet and crashes on the next hill... "That's too damn close for comfort, brother"... Plane crash in the valley... Nerves jittery from buzz bombs... The long Dolhain-Limbourg hill... The religious shrine on top of the hill that had received a direct shell hit... Hevremont... Aerial combat above the clouds a huge mass of rosy flame as a plane is hit and falls-another burst of flame as it explodes... The big church with the tall steeple... Stove pipes poked through windows... Observation post on top of the Chateau... Taking advantage of clear days to take pictures... Red Cross clubmobile. The "sharpies" try to make a "hit" with the gals... The "D" room day room... Poker games to break the monotony... News from the Southeast not so good... Lts. Coslick and Lasnik take a squad of men to search homes in Dolhain for reported German paratrooper saboteurs... None found... However, quite a lot of GI clothing found in one house... Most of the civilians cooperate but one or two are a little sullen...

A move... "A strategic deployment to meet changing battle conditions"...

Battice, December 18 to December 21... Crowded highways... Bombing raids. Ack ack and machine gun fire in return... Live in spare civilian rooms. They cooperate... They are getting a little afraid and many are prepared to move if threat in Ardennes becomes serious... Aain and sleet... Moving...

Sluse near Tongres and Liege, December 22 to January 17... A new language-Flemish... Spare civilian rooms again... People friendly... Ice and snow... Biting cold and fog... Christmas and New Years, not so much rejoicing... Civilian women and children take food scraps from our garbage pails... Aerial dogfights... Numerous air raids... Vapor trails from high-flying planes... 90 mm ack-ack makes a lot of noise... More buzz bombs and they are hitting close... A new device sends them to the ground under full power... Houses shake and floors bounce... Sluse cognac... Powerfull stuff... A girl in a pub speaks good English... Other Slusian girls learn some vulgar American slang but don't know what they are saying... Snow... Movies in the mess hall... The barnyards have a peculiar, sometimes disagreeable Odor... Farmers with their heavy farm carts and big lumbering carts... The civilians sleep in air shelters dug in the bank... The beautiful winter scene - white, snow covered ground and the blackness of the little river running through the valley, all in a setting of tall trees with the water wheel and mill to the side... Farewell to our Flemish friends and moving...



Limbourg-Dolhain, January 18 to March 4...The chateau again...Not much change. A big window knocked out when a buzz bomb hit nearby... Cloudy... More buzz bombs scudding across the sky with their weird sputtering noise... You hear the motor stop, a tense moment or two, it may coast in. A muffled roar and trembling building... That one is out of the way... Planes shoot a buzzer down. End over end and not very graceful... A puff of smoke... A piper Cub lost in low clouds and snow shows a red light as it searched desperately for its field... Renewing acquaintances... Folding cots can be had at the hospital... More passes to Verviers and Paris... The "Bull Sheet" has its modest beginnings with Editor Johnson... "Under the provisions of War Dept. circular, The Meritorious Service Unit Plaque is awarded to 113th Signal Radio Intelligence Co., US Army, for superior performance of duty in accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks during the period June 6th 1944 to August 6th 1944... (The same as the little wreath you have on your right sleeve)... Fewer buzz bombs... Spring-like days... The deep snow melts away rapidly... A lucky man gets a rotation furlough to the states. He had earned it... Movies in the school house... The "Pont de Vue"... "Susie"... Prepare for a move...

Busbach, Germany, March 5 to March 9...Across the German frontier... Badly shot up, but who gives a damn... Souvenirs... The "Feather Merchants Uncooperative Sales Company"...No fraternization... The little gals look so innocent... Aachen like St. Lo. The Siegfried Line... Looks rough... Engineers blowing pillboxes that are massive pieces of steel and concrete... Living in civilian dwellings... Kids here want gum and chocolate, too... Rainy and muddy... Moving...

Merzenich, March 10 to March 15...A small town almost completely destroyed... We live

in rooms of partially destroyed homes... They had been nicely furnished... Long trenches and dead German soldiers lying in and around them... Civilians filtering back to what is left of their homes... They are doing a little looting... Duren, nearby, a mass of wreckage... No trouble to find a mattress or feather bed... Log barricades in all the streets leading into the town had been smashed by dynamite and bulldozers... Fallen swastikas... Lonesome cats... Desolation... Moving...

Euskirchen, March 14 to March 29... Town badly damaged as are other towns along the road... Engineers use dynamite to clear a railroad overpass that the Germans had destroyed... German civilians in work clothing and dress clothing work to clear the streets and highways... Glad all this is over here and not at home... Evidence of forced labor in cities and on farms... We live in partially furnished homes that had been furnished lavishly... Bombers had done a lot of work here... Mines in fields and on roads. Several trucks from another outfit run over them and are damaged... Some members borrow a mine sweeper to look for buried valuable silverware... Forward units across the Rhine at different points... Formal presentation of the Service Plaque by Col. Pogue, Deputy Signal Officer, First Army... Spit and polish and creases... Sullen civilians... Moving...

Weidemann, March 30 to March 31,...Across the Rhine... Great autobahns or super Highways... Huge bridges and viaducts wrecked by the retreating Germans... One, five hundred yards long and two hundred feet high, a mass of wreckage...

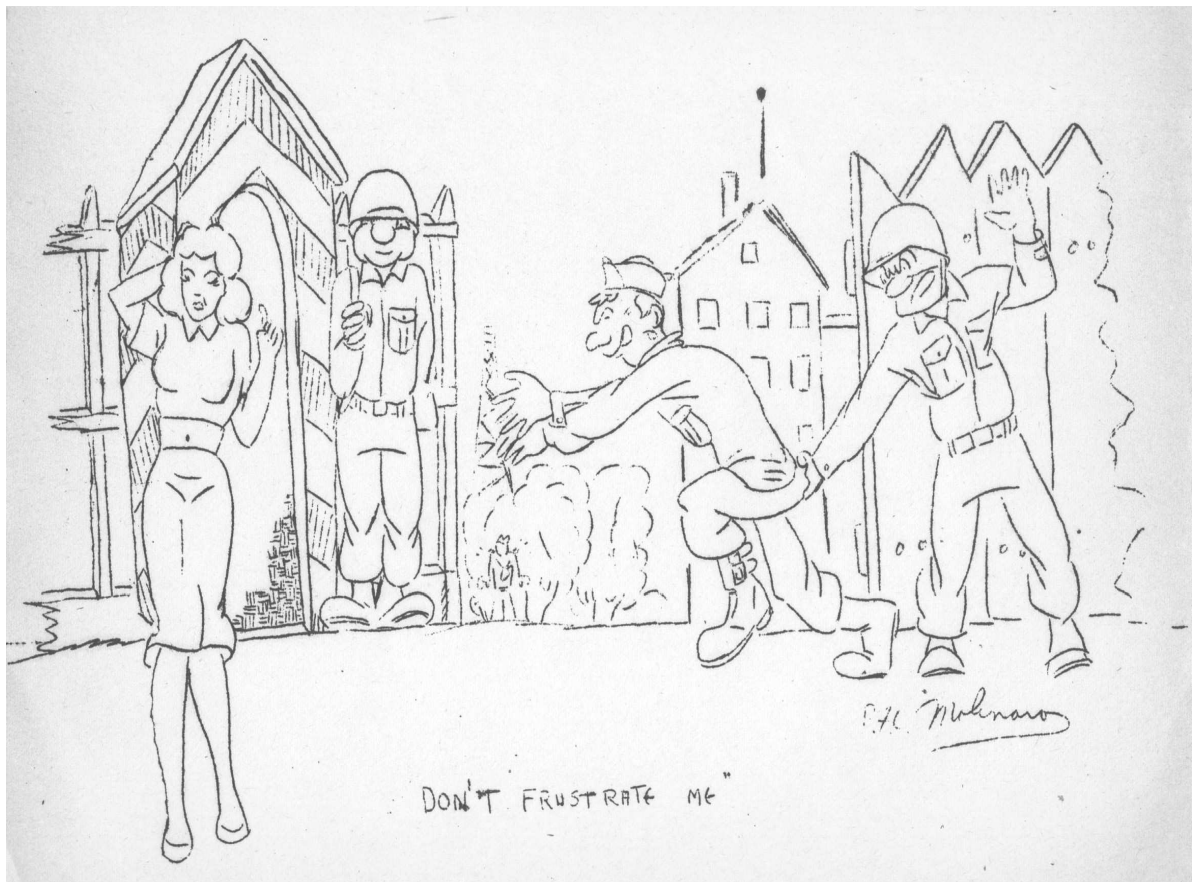
The Rhine about the same width as the Missouri, upper Hudson, Ohio or Mississippi at home... Smoke pots to fool raiding aircraft... Clear water... High peaks on the East bank... Evidences of tough fight by our troops... Artillery damage... Move...

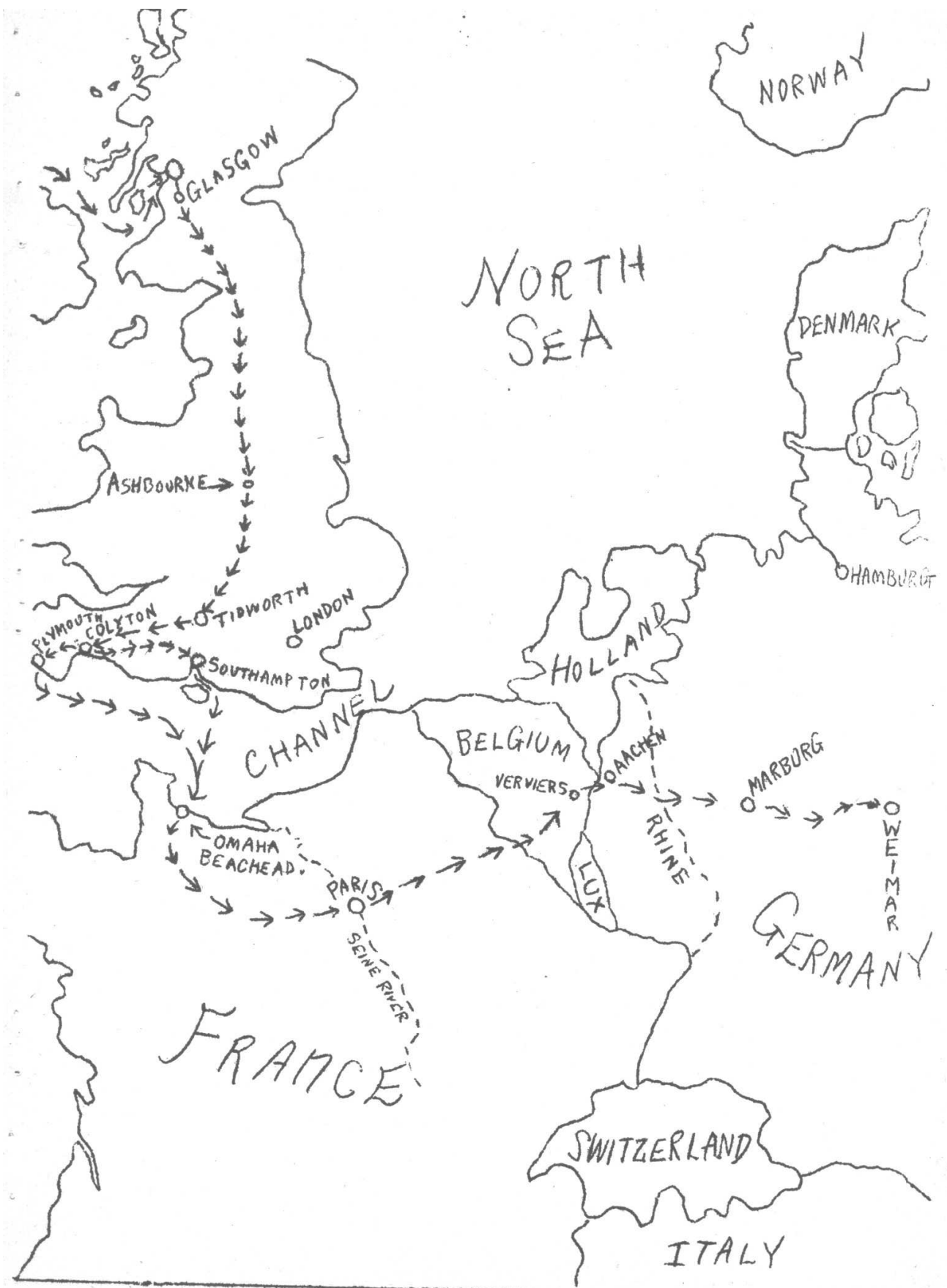
Marburg, April 1 to April 14... Billeted in a former Gestapo and Hitler Youth headquarters... The old chapel in which Martin Luther, the theologian, once lived several centuries ago... Lots of souvenirs... Passes to England, Riviera, Brussels and Spa. "Where do you want to go, Spa or the bottom of the list?"... The little amphitheater where the Hitler Youth had celebrated their growing pains... Furloughs to England for a few... Germany Army hospitals... German nurses... They can't hold a candle to our nurses... The Bronze Star Medal for Captain Hale... Collection point for displaced persons... Belgian guards... Glad to see 'em... Polish K.P.'s... Glad to see 'em... Many refugees from all European countries... Streams of German prisoners headed to, the rear... Mixed feelings on faces of civilians... Some just look, others cry, and some pay no attention at all... Grand opening of Pat's Paramount Palace... Three shows daily... High hill excellent for taking pictures... This town has been declared a "free" city by the Germans because of the Hospitals... There were many Hospitals suspiciously close to the railroad station and tracks... moving again...

Bad Wildungen, April 21 to April 26... Neat bungalows for billets... The civilians had been evacuated from them... running water and facilities for laundry... Outrunning supply lines and 10 in 1s... Hills... A former resort town... GI movies in a civilian movie house... Airfield with apparently undamaged German planes... They are ours now... Germans making their gardens because it looks like a long cold winter ahead... A few good-looking German women... "Hold it, bud." "No fraternization"... Civilian families sit in their yards and watch some fancy GI baseball and football games"... moving...

Worbis, April 24 to April 27 (Forward echelon only) ... Civilian homes again... A woman stands out in front everyday and watches our movements in her house... If they only knew how lucky they were to even have a house... Polish refugee camp... Lots of German prisoners to rear in trucks... Our men captured by the Germans had to walk... Potatoes and onions from basements help the 10 in 1s... Move...

Weimar, April 27 to date... Rear echelon already here since day before... Germans cracking up... We sweat out the end... Buchenwald horror camp... German laborers to clean up around post-"Good, at last we miss a detail"... Souvenirs... We earn the title of "The 113th Looting Company — per APO personnel... Shower trucks to Jena... The end of the war... not so exciting... Frost and falling leaves... MAJOR Charles J. Schauers, Congratulations... Captain Hale is Commanding Officer--Lt. Haven, Executive Officer... Plenty of room here for souvenir searching... The Feather Merchants report a thriving business-pistols, SS knives and daggers and cameras are most valuable... APO 230 lost, 339 takes over... A special service program to break the monotony of waiting for the boat... Commendations made by Col. Dickson, G-2, First Army, and by Col. Williams, Signal Officer, First Army... No fraternization, so some members start "waiting at the gate"...





Pat's Super-Deluxe Paramount palace theater has its grand opening... No more blackout... Classes in bookkeeping, accounting, photography, and French are begun. They meet an hour a day, six days a week... Bull sessions... Major Schauers to important assignment at Headquarters... Mallane's Gymnasium... Grapefruit softball team with the Snakeeyes, Haydees, Feather Merchants (No connection with Feather Merchants Sales Corporation), Schmohawks, & Greeneyes, Clodhoppers and Blackeyes... Much competition... Small businesses, -sewing, laundry, and pressing... The "Bull Sheet" expands... Luxurious day room... The great stage production, "Meet Me In Pago Pago" (Pronounced Pango Pango) goes into rehearsal... There are "girls" in the show and they look real! Such nice curves! ... Lugers, Mausers p-38's, cameras, binoculars... The Belgian guards leave for another assignment... Much obliged, boys! We are sorry to see you go... The point system, and two high-point men, Yates and Krantz, shove off for home under many an envious stare... Beer... Hot showers in the basement... Sizes taken for "Ike" jackets... ETO ribbons and battle stars... Overseas bars... Fur coats and jackets found in a warehouse on the post thought to have been taken from the Russians at Stalingrad... A track team works out... "Sally of the balcony" ... Misbehavers and a "forced march" around the track... Many truckloads of former political prisoners and forced laborers of many countries heading Eastward with flags flying... Rumor service working undercover for advance dope on what we are going to do, -home or the Pacific... Reveille... Softball game between 35'ers and officers (Officers win) ... We pay for rations again... Well arranged library and McCu's photography display... Lots of luscious maidens walking up the street... Sorry! "NO FRATERNIZATION!"

§§§§§

This brings us up to date, men. As you read this we hope that you will recall many more pleasant memories. This is the Army, but even so, you know you haven't had too bad a time.

There are many members of the company who have been on detached service much of the time and have possibly seen more action, We wish that we could write all your experiences down. Everybody would be interested, we know. If you wish, write it yourself and add it to this journal.

Likewise, many members of the company have joined long since the activation date. We hope that what you don't know about doesn't bore you, and that what you know about interests you.

So, "this is it", gentlemen! May we close with these historic words. (Apologies to Major Schauers).

"There's a bushel basket of ratings open, men."

"Keep on the ball!"

"Are you getting enough to eat?"

"Everything looks rosy for you, men!"

-"Dismissed!"-



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Quinn, Claude		Frence Lick	Indiana

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Garber, Raymond		Lawrence	Kansas
Gaines, Darrel L.		Dresden	Kansas
Cox, Albert M.	Springfield ST R. 5	Kansas City	Kansas
Lysell, Maurice		Lindsborg	Kansas
Williamson, William G.	622 N. 7th St.	Needesha	Kansas
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Punches, Kenneth		Scranton	Kansas
Dresser, Lewis S.		Piper	Kansas
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Paul, Christopher		Lebanon	Missouri
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Johnson, Ed		Smithville	Oklahoma
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Slagle, Walter Jr.	R.R. 6 Box 93	Tulsa 15	Oklahoma
Lee, Clarence		Bixby	Oklahoma
Dyson, Coy Lee E.	608 Lincoln St.	Sand Springs	Oklahoma
Durbin, R. L.	RFD 3	Konawa	Oklahoma
Kincaid, Lance		Hochatarun	Oklahoma
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Morrow, James R.		Appleton	Wisconsin
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